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NO 49.

Sered and Tekah ;

OR, THE TWO DERVISES:
A PERSIAN TALE.

IN the delightful valley of Mernon, where the seasons glide in sweet succession, scattering their varied profusion, resided two Dervises, who seemed to have selected this retreat as the asylum of meditation and repose. The names of these philosophers, who inhabited different recesses, were Vishni and Salem—Vishni appeared mild and humane, sighing at the faults of his fellow-creatures, and lamenting the depravity of man. He taught that Alla had created the human race for the best of purposes, and that it was reversing infinite benevolence to suppose that the crimes of a finite being should receive eternal punishment.

Salem, on the other hand, was of a more austere disposition, he had intimately known the viciousness of human nature, and almost detested the species, for its crimes, its outrages, and its tyranny. He taught, that few would enter the gardens of Paradise, nine-tenths of mankind being doomed to eternal torment.

Such were the sentiments these reverend men daily inculcated in all who attended for instruction, and such were

the tenets they instilled into the minds of two youths whom the piety of their parents had placed beneath their care.

Sered was the pupil of Vishni, but unworthy of so benevolent a preceptor—He was careless beneath his instructions, because the rod of punishment was never suspended over his head; and the praise of the worthy, he was at some *future* period to receive, as yet had not taught his heart to sigh with emulation. He imbibed naturally from his instructor all the maxims which the wise have produced, and he knew perfectly well the value of learning and morality: yet was he frequently led into faults, because he had no expectation of punishment, and the temptation of the present, always overcame the hopes of the future.

Tekah was of a violent capricious disposition. The indulgence of his parents had led him to suppose that all must bow to his will, or stoop to his desires. His pride quickly received a check beneath the hands of Salem, and punishment followed a crime, certain as the rolling thunder succeeds the illuminating flash. His natural disposition was corrected by his terror of consequences, and his imagination was restrained by the fear of that punishment a future life suspends over the secret criminal.

Such were the sentiments of Sered and Tekah, when the views of their parents called them to Ispahan. They were now placed beneath the care of respectable merchants, who taught them the art of exchange, and the science of speculation. Tekah was frequently tempted to deviate from the line of honour, in pursuit of those engulments a clandestine transaction held out, but the fear of detection, or the terror of a future retribution, stayed his hand. Character with him was a sacred garment, and he sought to preserve it as unspotted as the priestly robes in the temple of Mithra.

Sered, on the contrary, when an evasion of the laws led to profit in security, scrupled not to grasp at gain—He listened not to the cry of humanity, rather seeking by enhancing the price of grain, in which he dealt, to extort the last cox from the poor. He lent money to the distressed at extravagant interest, and formed connections with wandering Arabs, whose plunder he secretly vended—Yet, in the eyes of men, he appeared the pattern of mercantile integrity. The applauses of men were however insufficient to restrain Sered from clandestine malevolence, and the slight restraint they imposed, became every day less: the influence of avarice and pleasure repressing the voice of honour and virtue.—Such were the characters of the two friends, who being liberated from the authority of their parents, resided in superb buildings adjoining each other.

One evening in the cool of the day, Sered wandered along the banks of the golden Zanderat, to enjoy the western breezes, which perfumed the air with the fragrance of roses and jessamine; while the curling water glided by to join in the embraces of the Tygris. He was revolving in his mind new plans of profit, and new schemes of extortion, when a gentle voice from a grove of dates and pomegranates arrested his feet. He paused, than advancing to listen, entered the grove, and found himself before a little cane dwelling, surrounded with a garden of flowers.

On a bank of violets and lilies sat the beauteous Nour Hali, lulling her in-

fant sister to sleep. Not expecting strangers, her veil was thrown aside, and her exquisite features were suffused with a blushing confusion, giving increased animation to her large black eyes, which for a moment glanced upon Sered, then eagerly sought the veil, beneath which modesty conceals itself. Sered was confounded and astenished at the charms of the blushing maid. His haram contained some of the finest women of the East, but all their charms united, could scarcely equal those alone possessed by Nour Hali.—What a prize! thought he, she will be the pearl of my haram, and the gem of my delight. He instantly addressed her in the language of affection, intermingled with the blandishments of wealth, and the allurements of pleasure, but the heart of the virgin was inattentive to his representations, and cold to all his caresses.

The pride of Sered was hurt—Could he be refused by a peasant's daughter, a slave, one whom he could sell to the merchants?—He arose haughtily, and returned deeply musing towards Ispahan. On the way he reflected that some prior passion must have possession of her bosom, or it was impossible she could withstand riches, pleasures, and a person handsome as himself—but then—who, except a peasant, could be the object; and should so unworthy a competitor snatch from the arms of Sered a gem of such inestimable value—"No," cried he, "those dreamers who believe in future punishment, might be deterred from violence in gratifying their will, but my dear Vishni has taken from me such foolish prejudices.—If I do not enter the gardens of Paradise, I shall lose all existence, and what then!—I will enjoy pleasure, while pleasure is within my grasp."

The following evening, when the sun was departed to the great desert, Sered again took his way along the banks of the Zanderat, musing on the charms of Nour Hali, and meditating designs of possession.—No wind agitated the foliage, as he silently entered the grove; cautiously advancing, like the insidious serpent through the sheltering herbage. Before the door he paused to

listen : the silver voice of Nour Hali was turned with peculiar harmony, not in singing pastoral ditties, but in discourse with a voice rougher and more sonorous—"Ah," cried Sered, to himself : the blood rushing to his face, "now I shall see what dog is preferred to Sered." He immediately entered, and the timid maid trembling at his baleful sight, cast herself into the arms of her lover for protection.

"Quit this place," cried the young man, in an agitated voice, "let not my lord stoop to destroy the tranquillity of his servants."

Sered was nearly choked with passion, at this familiar remonstrance from one of his own slaves. He paused a moment, then with eyes glowing as the red vapour of the sandy waste, he cried out—"Nofah, is it you who interferes with the pleasures of your master? Take that refractory slave to my haram."

"She is a free woman," replied Nofah, "I dare not offer violence to one of her situation and sex."

"Miscreant," cried Sered, stamping and grasping his dagger, "who art thou that despiseth my will? Stand aside, and let me conduct this reptile."

So saying, he grasped the maiden by the arm, and was dragging her from the hovel, when her lover unable longer to contain, endeavoured with gentle violence to rescue her. The passion of Sered having blinded his caution, he plunged his dagger in the breast of his slave, who fell prone at the feet of his mistress. Sered was for a moment confounded, and having quitted his graspe of Nour Hali, she fled with distracted steps from the cottage.

"Shall I lose her thus?" cried he, hastening after her, "what signifies the death of a slave, who dared to impede my will." The flying maid hastened with feet that defied the wind, and perceiving two persons at a distance, she fled forward, sinking exhausted at their feet. Sered now halted in pursuit, his garments were tinged with the blood of a slave, and self-preservation turned his steps to his palace, where he brooded over his loss, and consoled himself for the outrage with

the idea, that all his perceptions would be lost, when he should have passed the present scene of existence.

The persons to whose succour Nour Hali was accidentally obliged, were Tekah and a merchant, whom the beauty of the evening had tempted to wander beyond the precincts of the city. Tekah was instantly struck with the graces of the suppliant, and raising her, with a smile, assured her of protection, and prevailed upon her to take a temporary refuge in his palace.

(To be concluded in our next.)

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE SEA-BEAR.

(Concluded.)

THESE frequently pass a whole month on the shore in sleep, without taking any food; but whatever approaches them, whether man or beast, they fall upon with the most outrageous fury. The sea-bears, at times, wage bloody wars together, the usual ground of hostility being either the females or a good couching place. When two are contending against one, others come up to assist the weaker party, and during the combat, the swimming spectators raise their heads above the water, and calmly look on for a length of time, till they also find a motive for mingling in the fight. Sometimes these conflicting armies cover a tract on the shore of two or three versts, and all the air resounds with their dreadful yells and growlings. It often happens that the combatants make an armistice for an hour, to recruit their forces, during which they lie beside one another without any danger; then both parties suddenly rise up, each takes its place, and the battle begins anew with redoubled fury. This goes so far, that they pursue one another into the sea, when those of the victorious party drag their enemies back to land, and put them to the torture of their bites so long till at length they lie faint and exhausted, and finally perish by the talons and beaks of the ravenous birds of prey that are hovering round

The authority with which the males rule over their females and young, is frequently displayed in a very tyrannical manner. When the females, on being attacked by the hunters, abandon their cubs from affright, and these are carried off, the males immediately cease from pursuing the common foe, and turn upon the mother, as if to demand an account of what is become of them; then seizing them with their teeth, dash them with violence against the rocks. The females, stunned with the blows, creep and crouch at the feet of their despots, and, caressing them, shed abundance of tears. While the male continues to feel his vexation, he goes growling to and fro, and rolling his eyeballs, just as the land bears are wont to do; but when his rage is abated, he then begins also bitterly to weep for the loss of his young.

For the New-York Weekly Museum

THOUGHTS ON CONVERSATION.

Non enim conamut docere eum dicere, qui loqui nesciat. Cicero.

THE faculty of speech constitutes the obvious pre-eminence of even the lowest orders of the human, above the highest of the brute creation. Could the ourang outang but speak, he might with as fair a claim as the man of New Holland, demand a station among the boasted ranks of humanity; the monkey and the ape likewise would perhaps, with equal justice, insist on a similar promotion. But mere language, altho' it may serve to distinguish the species as croaking distinguishes the frog or the raven, unless founded on the basis of reason and virtue, instead of conferring a real superiority is oftentimes a libel and even a degradation to its possessor. What shall we say in its behalf, when made the instrument of slander and defamation? The pander of lewdness, sensuality and vice? The humble tool of falsehood and flattery? So loud, so numerous, so weighty and (we are sorry to say) so just have been these accusations, that some have been inclined to regard *that* faculty which was designed

to be the pride and ornament, as the curse of our nature. But altho' the gift has again, and again been abused,—the benevolence of the giver and its own intrinsic value still remain. Because the shafts of love have often been fatal to the slighted youth,—would you therefore eradicate the gentle passion from the heart? It is a settled point in logic, that abuse is no argument against the subject of that abuse.

The essential design of all language, whether written, or spoken, is to convey the ideas and operations of the mind, or the feelings and emotions of the heart, so as to make them known to our fellow beings; to communicate the treasures of intellect or the sentiment of affection; in a word, to give to the invisible man a visible existence. Such is the purpose of speech, a purpose too often frustrated by those who make it the vehicle of calumny, dissimulation and falsehood, as well as by those who degrade the nobiest faculty of man into an implement of play, a toy to sport with and pass time away. Seldom or never does a number of young persons of different sexes collect together, but what their conversation is made the channel of personal invective or the pitiful bearer of the most frivolous remarks. Who that has heard the discourses of a ball-room or the idle prattle of a formal party, the sage reflection on the various forms of dress or the profound disquisition on the state of the weather, without being grieved that a talent so sublime should be put to the blush by being placed in an office so trivial and contemptible? Imagine that if Socrates were so stationed as to overhear the whole chit chat of one of our fashionable assemblies—what do you suppose would be his reflections on the occasion? Would he not regard the whole company as a collection of machines acting by one fixt, uniform and steady rule, for the accomplishment of one fixt, uniform and steady end—to dignify nonsense? Would he not be convinced, from the uneasy constraint delineated in the very features of their countenances, that altho' all had assembled for the express purpose of pleasure and amusement, not one scarcely

could be said to have effected the end even of passive tranquility, much less of active delight: and what would be his emotions of indignation, should he see a person more manly than the rest, who, being disgusted at the constant reiteration of such frivolous topics, undertake to introduce a subject, though perhaps not more grave, yet more worthy the attention of rational beings,—Sneered at himself, and his observations received with an air of indifference or affected contempt? Such is the fact. But enough of this mechanical kind of conversation.

(To be continued.)

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

"What fortune has not given us, it is not in her power to take away." *Seneca.*

THAT man who possesses within himself the pleasing satisfaction of having performed, in whatever situation he has been placed, what he believed to be his duty, and whose peace of mind is not marred by fortuitous causes, must indeed be happy to the full extent to which happiness can be expected in this world, so often termed a world of anxiety and care. What is there that can rise up to reproach him? It is true the best of men are imperfect in the sight of Him who searcheth the hearts and who trieth the reins of the children of men: this thought may cast a transitory damp upon his spirits: but then he is not as one who has no hope: he is sad but for a moment: he knows that his Redeemer liveth, and that he will come at the latter day. A ray of gladness beams from the Cross: it was there his great debt was cancelled: it was there his bonds were broken and his chains unfettered: he is now a free man—a freeman in reality, for he serves a Governor of his own choosing; one whom he is not constrained to serve, but whom he serves willingly and freely, and whom he knows will never oppress him: solicitous alone about the honour of his Master, every thing he undertakes is to promote the great end he has in view: all his actions unite in this focus, and, instead of acting with reluct-

ance, he rejoices that it is put in his power to act worthy of so great and so good a cause as that of the Ruler of the Universe, the Author of his being—No mean idea inhabits his mind; he looks down upon the world as from an eminence: its transitory treasures are lost in the contemplation of those which he is in search of—treasures the value of which cannot be calculated by a finite being. Tell me what can purchase a life of uninterrupted joy, eternal in the heavens, and I will tell you their value!

SUILENROC.

ANECDOTE.

Two Sachems of the Western Indians on a tour to Philadelphia, dined at the house of gentleman of fortune amidst a splendid circle; and observing mustard upon the table, one of them, without suspecting the consequence, took a spoonful into his mouth, which caused tears to run plentifully down his rugged countenance; but collecting himself in a moment and perhaps no less desirous to conceal his ignorance than to see his companion caught in the same manner, when asked by his brother Sachem the cause of his crying, replied without hesitation, that it was caused by his reflecting upon the goodness of his father, who was slain in battle. This answer appeared satisfactory to the inquisitive Chief, while the rest of the company, out of tenderness to these unrefined sons of nature, could only with the utmost exertions, restrain themselves from open laughter. From this moment, the one who had learned by experience the qualities of mustard, kept his eye constantly on his tawny brother of the wilderness, until at length he enjoyed the superlative pleasure of beholding him take a spoonful into his mouth in the same manner he had just done himself, and which was productive of the same effect. The former now in his turn questioned his companion the reason of his shedding tears, and was answered with Indian readiness and wit.—Because you was not killed when your father was,

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

Mr. Oram,

THE following circumstance which sometime since transpired in the vicinity of Greenwich discovers an intrepidity and quickness of thought in the moment of imminent danger, which has been seldom exceeded by a youth, and would have done honor to a man.

A lad of sixteen returning from the shop in the City, where he was apprenticed, having about two dollars in his pocket, was stopped on the common a short distance north of Spring-street, by a foot-pad, who demanded his money or his life; the lad, without hesitation, answered that he had no money, but that if he would wait a few minutes, his brother would be along, who had a considerable sum; you may know him said he, by a basket which he has in his hand—Upon this the foot-pad suffered him to depart without further molestation. It is worthy of remark, that the lad has no brother.

VARIETY.

THE SITE OF EDEN.

WHEN from the bow'r where pleasures grew
The angel Adam drove,
His beauteous partner quitted too,
Content with him to rove.

And since—all travellers have said,
No trace they can explore;
They're right; when lovely woman fled,
'Twas Paradise no more.

CALUMNY.

A Calumniator, in former times, was condemned to place himself on all fours, and bark like a dog, for a quarter of an hour. It is said, that Charles V. of France was the first who introduced this punishment, and that some days there was nothing but barking to be heard all the morning.

FALSE APPEARANCES.

There is a false modesty, which is vanity; a false glory, which is folly; a false grandeur, which is meanness; a false virtue, which is hypocrisy; and a false wisdom, which is prudery.

MODERN HIEROGLYPHICS.

A new fashion of visiting cards has appeared at Paris. Instead of the *name*, the card contains an engraved *portrait* of the visitant.

COMPUTATION OF TIME.

A Judge asked a man what age he was—I am eight and four score, my lord, said he.—And why not four score and eight, says the Judge? Because I was eight *before* I was four score.

ANECDOTES.

Two young women drowned themselves some time since, in a pond near Wakefield, England. A board was in consequence placed near the spot with this inscription "Whoever drowns themselves in future in this water shall be punished as the law directs."

When John, Duke of Arjou, advanced towards Naples, with a large army, to invade that city, he placed upon his colors the words of the Evangelist, "A man was sent whose name was John." Alphonzo, of Arragon, who defended the city, answered by a similar device—"He came, and they received him not."

An Italian writer says there are thirty-one points necessary to form a perfect beauty, we shall at present quote only one of them—a *natural* complexion.

SINGULAR COMBAT.

Early on the morning of the 19th ult. Dr Wheeler, of Windham, (Greene county) perceived four wolves in his yard among his sheep and calves. Without dressing himself, he jumped into the yard, and was immediately attacked by a large wolf, which caught him by the under jaw, broke the jaw-bone, and drove out five of his teeth. The Doctor, at this time with much presence of mind, seized the wolf by the throat, and they both fell together, the Doctor badly bitten and wounded in his legs as well as in his face. The contest was now, for a few minutes, doubtful—but the Doctor, at length, succeeded in placing his knee upon his ferocious adversary, and holding him down, until a young daughter, of 12 or 13 years, came with an axe, and soon finished the conflict.—*Cattskill Recorder.*

Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

A SABBATH MORN.

Clear is the sky—no frowning clouds extend
 Their darksome breasts with angry light-
 nings streak'd,
 Beneath the flaming sun, his beams to hide,
 And heave their rattling thunders through
 the heaven's—
 All is serene—spread are the solar wings—
 Wide o'er the earth their golden streams they
 pour—
 Forth flies the gladsome lark; with cheerful
 voice
 His heav'n-tun'd song along the fields he
 spreads—
 And hark! from yon deep, distant dale, how
 soft
 The blackbird's hollow notes!--All nature
 smiles--
 But mark how faint is every sound; how still
 This pleasant morn!--There rests the glit-
 ring scythe;
 "Mute is the voice of rural labor; hush'd
 "The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's
 song--"
 No hunter now with sportive, frisking hounds
 On leaping steed pursues the trembling deer;
 The wearied horse now in the pasture feeds;
 The faithful hounds are strolling round the
 house;
 Cased is the gun, hung up the powder horn--
 Why is this change!--'tis Sabbath-day--How
 calm!
 Sweet day of rest! The hare thy morning
 greets--
 Less fearful now along the grass she skips,
 And shuns not man her deadliest foe--but
 hark!
 The tolling bell; how solemn is its sound!
 To yon grand pile the villagers repair--
 View o'er the plain what large collections
 move--
 Into the church they slowly walk--Hush'd is
 the bell--
 The air around is fill'd with voice of psalms--
 Now swells the organ's roar! its thundering
 peal
 Resounds through every dale--Alternately
 The people and the organ praises sound--
 An awful silence slumber all around;
 The distant wailing of the brooks; the breeze
 Low whistling through the grass, are all I
 hear;
 How dolesome is the sound! I feel an awe;
 But view beyond those heights the gath'ring
 clouds;
 Beneath their brows how roll their igneous
 eyes!
 Their inmost bowels with thunder deeply
 stow'd
 Emit a grumbling noise; forth from their
 breasts
 The 'mpatient flashes burst, and shoot afar;

The sun his sceptre yields; far in the shade
 He soon retreats; the wings of darkness rise;
 The cloudy hosts contend; their sweepy
 steels
 Are light'nings red; breast, meeting breast,
 unchains
 Its leaping thunders; like ocean's tumbling
 waves,
 Their show'ry floods descend; Meandrous
 streams
 Along the furrows swell; still stands the
 horse
 Aghast; the hare lies trembling in the bush;
 The winged songster in his high-built nest.
 Now angry winds awake; on lashing wings
 Forth from their cells they rush, to sweep the
 skies:
 The broken clouds disperse, and leave the
 heav'ns;
 The bright'ning sun appears; again he lifts
 His golden sceptre high; far dart his beams;
 The winds expire, hush'd are the grumbling
 woods;
 But hark! the organ breathes; the sacred
 pile
 With solemn praises ring; the groves res-
 pond!
 Now homeward bend the villagers their
 course;
 The horse with gladness leaps across the
 fields;
 The playful hare forth from her shelter jumps;
 The joyful birds high heaven-ward mark their
 way.
 How sweet the change! How wonderful sub-
 lime!
 The hills rejoice! All nature sounds with
 praise;
 Then man! come forth; Lift up thy cheerful
 voice
 And sound thy Maker's praise; great is his
 pow'r!
 The thunders are his voice; before his throne
 Angelic hosts their golden cornets sound;
 Jehovah is his name! He stretch'd the hea-
 vens;
 His are the earth and seas; His is thy soul;
 Oh! Man come forth; lift up thy cheerful
 voice,
 And sound thy Maker's praise.—

J.—E.

EPIGRAMS.

WILLY Wag, went to see Charley Quirk,
 More fam'd for his books than his knowl-
 edge,
 In order to borrow a work
 Which he sought for in vain over college.
 But Charley replied, "My dear friend,
 You must know, I have sworn and agreed
 My books from my room not to lend,
 But you may sit by my fire and read."
 Now it happened by chance on the morrow,
 That Quirk, with a cold, quivering air,

Came his neighbor Will's bellows to borrow,
For his own they were out of repair.

But Willy replied, "My dear friend,
I have sworn and agreed, you must know,
That the bellows I never will lend,
But you may sit by my fire and blow."

Mr. Keffey a sloven, to reform just preparing,
Gave Priam a coat, somewhat worse for the
wearing;

Then, turning, he said, and he smil'd as he
said it,

"I get rid of *bad habits*; and add to my
credit."

Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY APRIL 8, 1815.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

On the 1st of February last, 1200 inhabitants were destroyed at a place in the province of Carmarines, one of the Phillippine Islands, in the Indian Ocean. Five populous towns were entirely destroyed, and, besides these who perished, 20,000 inhabitants were reduced to beggary.

Within the course of the present week, three valuable vessels, with rich cargoes, have arrived at this port, from Canton.

The privateer schr. Surprise, with 151 officers and seamen, of the U. S. Sloop of War Erie, sailed from this port on the morning of the 3d inst. bound for Baltimore, and at half after six the same evening struck on Barnegat shoals; where she lay until 12 o'clock, when it was found that she had bilged, and was full of water. In this situation, 32 officers, seamen, and passengers, put off in two small boats for the shore, but found it impossible to land on account of the surf; when, providentially, they were picked up at daylight by the schr. Virginia Ann, from Fredericksburgh, and brought in here. Great fears are entertained for those left (119 souls) as the pilot boat sent for their relief has returned without being able to discover the wreck.

On Tuesday morning last, between 2 and 3 o'clock 12 wooden houses, occupied and unoccupied, together with a Still-house, in Lombardy-street, were destroyed by fire.

On Tuesday morning last, a coloured woman was found dead in her bed, at No. 15 Elm-street: And the body of Anthony Clark, a coloured man, who had been some time missing, was found in Rhinelander's Basin.

On Thursday forenoon, at the City-Hall, the Freedom of the City in a Gold Box, and an elegant Sword, were presented, in the usual form, by the Common Council, to the gallant Captain Jones, of the Navy.

The Provincial Parliament of Canada, says

a Montreal paper, have voted Five Thousand Pounds Sterling, to Sir George Provost, for the purchase of a service of plate to be presented to him as a mark of the high opinion they entertain of the services he has rendered that colony.

The British ship Ann of Liverpool, with a valuable cargo of Mahogany, and dye woods from St. Domingo, arrived here on Thursday, a prize to the privateer Ultor of Baltimore. She was captured the 13th March, while at anchor, without much resistance, about 30 miles to the leeward of St. Domingo.

An alarming epidemic prevails in many parts of North Carolina. It is said one tenth of the population of Northampton has died with it.

Nuptial.

MARRIED.

By the rev. Mr. Phoebus, Mr. John Taylor, to Miss Susan Green, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Mathews, Mr. Baldwin Nutman, of Newark, to Miss Margaret Waldron, of this city.

By the rev. Dr. Mason, Mr. James Proudfit, of Troy, to Miss Maria Jane Kerr, of Alexandria.

Obituary.

DIED.

Mr. Daniel Sickles, in the 71st year of his age, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city.

Dr. Benjamin Rockwell, aged 43 years.

Capt. Alexander M Dougall.

Mrs Catherine Norwood, wife of Mr. Norwood, aged 34 years.

Mrs. Mary Blair, aged 70 years, and

Sarah Jackson, aged 69: Sarah Teepie, aged 55; Deborah Gillerd, aged 73; Lewis Tomlinson, aged 35; Eleanor O. Hare, aged 29; James Jacklin, aged 59; Thomas Harden, aged 58; Peter Cassady, aged 55; John Pye, aged 31; Jane Parrot, aged 40; Mary Bull, aged 52; Benj F. Ames, aged 18; Wm Davis aged 33; Isaac M. Carty, aged 61; John Gurters, aged 56; Deborah Johnson, aged 34; Frederick Malcor, aged 81; Sarah Lambertson, aged 55; Sally Frederick, aged 44; Eliza Thomson, aged 23; Patty Johnson, aged 35; Abby Brown, and James Creed, aged 19; Together with 11 boys and 3 girls.

THE MUSEUM

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